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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

ONE FACE IN THE CROWD

Where have I seen your face before?
Why does it seem so out of place
In a room with curtained windows
And a closed door?
Ah, lovely face,
That a star has kissed and the sun,
That the wind has touched with loving fingers,
Still the wonder lingers, lovely one.

I remember. Summer came
With a heart of song and flame.
Boughs were swaying, winds were playing
Little lutes that knew your name—
On a hillside where the grasses
Waved into the waves of sea

And the sea waved into skies . . .
Now it all comes back to me,
As I look into your eyes
As I looked into them then. . .
Wonder goes to come again.

Long ago, long ago,
On the hillside near the sea,
What did we talk of?
Was it love?

One Face in the Crowd

Or did we stand there silently?
So it seems to me
As I look on you today.
Wonder comes, words go away.

TWO SONGS

I

When my dream-robe is tattered,
If ever it is so,
And one may seem to scorn it,
Oh, I shall let him know
That it was torn on points of stars
And gold of the rainbow!

II

When I am dead, oh, speak to me
No words that I have heard,
Lest to my peace come misery,
Lest my calm sleep be stirred
With want of mortal love again!
But bring a drop of April rain,
The dawn-song of a bird,
The leafy lyric of a tree,
A slender flower with its dew—
That I may dream, and seem to be
Dead to all but you!

Glenn Ward Dresbach